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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1762, and is now in its one hundred and forty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—politics, well selected, intelligent, and valuable comment, and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 266, Order Sons of St. George, Perry Jeffrey, President; Fred Hall, Secretary; meets at 3d Mondays.

NEWPORT TEXT, No. 15, Knights of Maccabees, Charles D. Dudley, Comman

Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper; meets 2d and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 879, FORESTERS OF AMERICA, Alexander Nicoll, Chief Ranger; Robert Johnstone, Recording Secretary; Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

NEWPORT CAXI, No. 757, M. W. A., James W. Wilson, Vice Consul; Charles H. Packer, Clerk. Meets 2d and last Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James Sullivan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W., George L. Sutherland, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder. Meets second and fourth Wednesdays.

MALMSEY LODGE, No. 93, N. E. O. P., T. F. Allan, Warden; Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 12, K. of P., George Russell, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meets 1st and 3d Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett L. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Fridays.

Local Matters.

More Winter.

The past week has seen a continuance of the winter weather which has prevailed for the past month with varying intensity. Part of the time it has been bitterly cold, and then again it has snowed, but fortunately we have not had a repetition of the severe snow storms of the early part of the month. Still it has been a very good example of winter.

Sunday was cold, Monday was colder and Tuesday morning people dreaded to look at their thermometers to see how far the mercury had fallen. That morning reports had it anywhere from zero to six below, and that is very cold weather for Newport. Of course it was nothing like the 30 and more below that the more northerly parts of New England reported, but it was just as severe in proportion to the normal here as elsewhere. And it was certainly cold enough to freeze water pipes, to make walking uncomfortable, to chill unprotected ears, and to make the householder drive his furnace to the utmost limit in order to keep his family from freezing. Such weather is not popular here in Newport.

There has been considerable derangement of the travelling schedules on account of the cold weather, as the locomotives on the railroads have difficulty in getting up steam in such cold weather, and on the water not only this difficulty is encountered but also there is a plentiful supply of ice in the harbor and bay to impede navigation.

The mails have been late most of the time during the week. The General of the Wickford line has been considerably delayed by the ice and also had difficulty in obtaining water for his boilers.

On Wednesday a slight snow storm began, and has continued intermittently. The temperature has been much warmer and it has seemed at times as if it would turn to rain. The walking has been abominable, much of it being due to the fact that abutters failed to remove the snow from their walks when the heavy storm of last week prevailed. When the snow flurry began on Wednesday the policemen on the various beats were ordered to call upon each abutter and give notice that the walks must be kept clear of snow and free for travel at all times. As the snow did not amount to anything no particular notice was taken of the warning, and it is doubtful if it would have had much effect anyway for many people have a doubt about the validity of the city ordinance that compels them to remove the snow.

Mr. Henry Bull has been attending the automobile show in New York the past week.

Mr. George E. Houghton, formerly of this city, but now of Boston, has been visiting relatives in the city the past week.

Officer Hale of the police force is suffering from a dislocated wrist, caused by a fall on the ice.

Mr. John Merker has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to walk out.

Mrs. T. M. Seabury, Jr., has returned from an extended visit to Fanwood, N. J.

Mr. John R. Caswell is suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis.

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Ayrall W. Denne of South Omaha, Neb., to the Home for Friendless Children, a lot of land containing about 150,000 square feet, bounded westerly on Mainboone road, 200 feet; northerly, on land formerly of Benjamin M. Thurston, 650 feet; easterly, on land formerly of Thurston, 250 feet, and southerly on land of Thurston and land of Berry, 776 feet.

Public Bequests.

By the will of Mary LeRoy King, presented for probate in this city on Monday, Trinity Church of this city receives \$5,000 as an endowment fund, and Berkeley Memorial Chapel of Middletown receives a like sum. Redwood Library is given \$2,000, and two New York institutions \$1,000 each. After a number of minor bequests the residue of the estate is left in trust to Mrs. Edward King during her lifetime, and at her death is to be divided in three equal parts, one to be given outright to her brother, Mr. George Gordon King, and one to her sister, Edith Edgar McCagg. The third is to be divided into four equal shares, one to go to Mrs. Ethel Rhinelander King, sister-in-law of the testatrix, and one each to LeRoy King, Frederic Rhinelander King and Ethel Marjorie King, her nephews and nieces.

The executors are George Gordon King, Louis B. McCagg and Ethel Rhinelander King.

Washington Commandery.

Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., held its annual conclave in Masonic Temple Wednesday evening and elected and installed the following officers:

Eminent Commander—William H. Langley.

General—William G. Ward, Jr.

Captain General—William H. Walcott.

Senior Warden—George C. Lawton.

Junior Warden—John C. Cozzens.

Treasurer—William J. Cozzens.

Recorder—Emil Stevens.

Sword Bearer—John D. Richardson.

Standard Bearer—Sidney B. Gladling.

Assistant Standard Bearer—M. Clifton King.

Orderer—Robert W. Curry.

Guards—F. Augustus Ward, C. Roy Blackmar, Jr., Harry L. Bullock.

Arborist—William Curry.

Sentinel—J. Gottlieb Springer.

The officers were installed by Past Eminent Commander Robert S. Franklin, assisted by Past Eminent Commander Henry C. Stevens, Jr.

Mr. Edward G. Hayward, the retiring eminent commander, was presented with a past commander's jewel by the commandery.

The Protector.

An arduous board has been doing a little experimenting with the Lake submarine boat Protector this week in order to discover what value such craft might have in connection with submarine mines for harbor defence or to take the place of such mines. The boat was given a pretty competent test under the most adverse conditions, and the result was pleasing to the representatives of the army, notwithstanding the fact that the ice in the harbor was a serious hindrance to the performances of any craft of that nature. This test by the army was made while waiting for the official trial for acceptance by the navy department.

Work on the big barn for the Newport and Providence Street Railway Company near the town clerk's office in Middletown has been seriously delayed by the severe weather that has prevailed this winter. It is planned to have a very large barn and it was hoped to have it finished by the time the cars were ready for delivery but it is now feared that the cars will be ready before the structure is ready to receive them.

The funeral of the late Charles H. Thomas took place from his late residence on Green street Sunday afternoon and from there to the Emmanuel Church, Redwood Lodge, K. of P., and the Painters' Union, of both of which Mr. Thomas was a member, were in attendance and escorted the body to its last resting place. The interment was in the Island cemetery.

Cornelius Mack and William Powers, two of the crew of steamer Pilgrim, were badly scalded Sunday morning last, in Fall River by escaping steam. The men were taken to the emergency hospital and later sent to their homes. Powers belonged in Fall River and Mack resides in this city.

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Supreme Court.

The January session of the common pleas division of the supreme court for Newport county opened on Monday, Judge John T. Blodgett presiding. The grand jury was empaneled with Frank H. Barlow of this city as foreman, and retired to consider a number of cases.

The docket was then called and the most frequent entry was "continued". One of the cases in which the most interest is taken by the general public—the Block Island case against Edward M. Sullivan for disturbing a town meeting—was assigned for trial on the first day of the April session.

In the afternoon the grand jury reported, with an indictment against Theresa Towler for a nuisance and Franklin Oberleiser for bigamy. Oberleiser was arraigned and pleaded guilty and his case was continued for sentence.

On Tuesday there was but a short session of the court. In Deane W. Sheehan vs. William A. Dwyer, a suit on book account, judgment was entered for plaintiff for \$16.00. In Curry vs. Olmstead the auditor's report was confirmed but there will probably be a jury trial later.

On Wednesday the session was again short, there being no case for trial. Josephine Cook of Portsmouth pleaded guilty on an assault charge and the case was continued.

The indictments by the grand jury were in order for trial on Thursday. Assistant Attorney General Greenough representing the State, Theresa Towler pleaded nolo to maintaining a nuisance and sentence was deferred during good behavior. Franklin Oberleiser, who had pleaded nolo to a charge of bigamy, was in court for sentence. The somewhat extenuating circumstances were explained to the court and sentence was deferred until Monday. Harry Vigo pleaded nolo to keeping beer for sale and sentence was deferred on payment of costs.

General Assembly.

The past week in the General Assembly has not resulted in the accomplishing of much business, nor has there been a great deal of oratory on the part of either the majority or minority party.

An act amending the charter of the Newport and Providence Railroad Company has been passed, allowing an increase of the capital stock and also extending the date of completion to May, 1905. Representative Frost of Tiverton has introduced a bill appropriating \$100,000 for a new bridge over the Seacourt River.

The subject of the price of gas in cities has been brought up, and bills tending to fix the price at a lower rate have been revived. There have been many attempts in the Senate to confirm the Governor's nominations for various offices, but all have failed.

Miss Sarah A. Crooker celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of her birth on Tuesday at her home on Prospect Hill street. She is enjoying remarkable health and was the recipient of many congratulations and gifts from her friends. Miss Crooker is the oldest woman communicant of Trinity Parish.

Governor Garvin has appointed Hon. Patrick J. Murphy of this city to fill the vacancy on the Newport police commission caused by the expiration of the term of Col. Wetherell. However, Mr. Murphy has no expectation of taking his seat on the board as the Senate does not usually confirm the Governor's nominations.

The rumor that the car barn of the Old Colony Street Railway Company in Portsmouth would be closed has been dispelled by the announcement that its use will be continued. The many employees of the company who live in Portsmouth are much pleased.

Mr. Samuel W. Marsh of this city was appointed a member of the membership committee of the Rhode Island Underlakers' Association, at its annual meeting, which was held in Providence Thursday.

Senators and Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore were among the guests who were at the dinner given in Washington Tuesday evening by Postmaster General and Mrs. Payne.

The poor children of Trinity Parish were entertained at the guild house Tuesday evening by the members of St. Agnes' Society. Each child received a useful gift.

Training Ship Monongahela sails from St. Thomas January 28th, and from San Juan February 20th and is expected to arrive at Hampton Roads about March 15th.

Mr. W. Perry Bradley is visiting his relatives in this city. Mr. Bradley is physical director of the Malden Young Men's Christian Association.

Mr. Walter Bussell is seriously ill in New York.

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Wedding Bells.

Paquette—O'Neill.

Miss Elsie A. O'Neill and Mr. Alfred C. Paquette were married at St. Mary's Church Wednesday morning in the presence of relatives and friends, Rev. Father Cronin officiating. The bride wore a dress of blue crepe de chine over taffeta silk. Miss Margaret O'Neill, a sister, acted as bridesmaid and wore a dress of blue satine. Mr. George Paquette was the best man and the ushers were Messrs. Joseph O'Neill and John Bergerson.

A wedding breakfast and reception followed at the residence of the bride's parents on Anns street.

Mr. and Mrs. Paquette left later in the day for a wedding trip.

The gifts were not only numerous but very handsome.

A smoke talk was held Tuesday evening at the armory of the Newport Artillery Company, Colonel Richardson presiding. Captain Cassard gave an interesting talk on the Russian-Japan war controversy and Mr. Howard Ackers entertained the members and their friends with selections on the graphophone for a while. This was followed by the drawing of tickets for the coal, coke, flour and sugar, tickets for which had been disposed of by members of the company.

Christopher M. Lee, formerly of this city, but now a resident of Providence, will be the Republican candidate for member of the common council from the Seventh Ward in that city, to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Councilman Walter A. Presbury to be alderman in place of Lewis J. Pease, the latter having been elected police commissioner.

Minneapolis Council, D. of P., held its weekly whist Tuesday evening, with a good attendance. Whist was played from 8.30 to 10.30 and the first prizes were won by Miss Bertha Gifford and Mr. G. Homer Sweet, while Miss Louisa M. Frasch and Mr. C. H. Chase captured the consolation. A collation was served, after which dancing followed for several hours.

Minneapolis Council, D. of P., held its weekly whist on Monday morning. It was played out as

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART
EDWARD
WHITE

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CHAPTER I.

IN the network of streams draining the eastern portion of Michigan and known as the Saginaw waters the great firm of Morrison & Daly had for many years carried on extensive logging operations in the wilderness.

Now at last, in the early eighties, they reached the end of their holdings. Another winter would finish the cut.

At this juncture Mr. Daly called to him John Radway, a man whom he knew to possess extensive experience, a little capital and a desire for more of both.

"Radway," said he when the two round themselves alone in the mill office, "we expect to cut this year some 50,000,000, which will finish our pine holdings in the Saginaw waters. Most of this timber lies over in the Crooked Lake district, and that we expect to put in ourselves. We own, however, 5,000,000 on the Cass branch which we would like to log on contract. Would you care to take the job?"

"How much a thousand do you give?" asked Radway.

"Four dollars," replied the lumberman.

"I'll look at it," replied the jobber.

So Radway got the "description" and a little map divided into townships, sections and quarter sections and went out to look at it. He searched until he found a "blaze" on a tree, the marking on which indicated it as the corner of a section. From this corner the boundary lines were blazed at right angles in either direction. Radway followed the blazed lines. Thus he was able accurately to locate isolated "forders" (forty acres), "eighties," quarter sections and sections in a primeval wilderness. The feet, however, required considerable woodcraft, an exact sense of direction and a pocket compass.

These resources were still further drawn upon for the next task. Radway tramped the woods, hills and valleys to determine the most practical route over which to build a logging road from the standing timber to the shores of Cass branch. He found it to be an affair of some puzzlement. The places stood on a country rolling with hills, deep with pot holes. It became necessary to dodge in and out, here and there, between the knolls, around and through the swamps, still keeping, however, in the same general direction and preserving always the regulate level or down grade. Radway had no vantage point from which to survey the country. A city man would promptly have lost himself in the tangle, but the woodsmen emerged at last on the banks of a stream, leaving behind him a meandering trail of clipped trees.

"I'll take it," said he to Daly.

Daly now proceeded to drive a sharp bargain with him.

Customarily a jobber is paid a certain proportion of the agreed price as each stage of the work is completed. Daly objected to this method of procedure.

"You see, Radway," he explained, "it's our last season in the country. When this lot is in we want to pull up stakes, so we can't take any chances on not getting that timber in. If you don't finish your job, it keeps us here another season. There can be no doubt, therefore, that you fulfill your job. In other words, we can't take any chances. If you start the thing, you've got to carry it 'way through."

"I think I can, Mr. Daly," the jobber assured him.

"For that reason," went on Daly, "we object to paying you as the work progresses. We've got to have a guarantee that you don't quit on us and that those logs will be driven down the branch as far as the river in time to catch our drive. Therefore I'm going to make you a good price per thousand, but payable only when the logs are delivered to our river men."

Radway, with his usual mental attitude of one anxious to justify the other man, ended by seeing only his employer's argument. He did not perceive that the latter's proposition introduced into the transaction a gambling element. It became possible for Morrison & Daly to get a certain amount of work short of absolute completion done for nothing.

All this was in August. Radway, who was a good, practical woodsmen, set about the job immediately. He gathered a crew, established a camp and began at once to cut roads through the country he had already blazed on his former trip.

Radway's task was not merely to level out and ballast the six feet of a roadbed already constructed, but to cut a way for five miles through the unbroken wilderness. The way had, moreover, to be not less than twenty-five feet wide, needed to be absolutely level and free from any kind of obstructions and required in the swamps liberal ballasting with poles, called corduroys. Not only must the growth be removed, but the roots must be cut out and the inequalities of the ground leveled or filled up. Indeed further that Radway had but a brief time at his disposal, but a few months at most, and you will then be in a position to gauge the first difficulties of those the American pioneer expects to encounter as a matter of course.

The jobber of course pushed his roads as rapidly as possible, but was greatly handicapped by lack of men. Winter set in early and surprised him with several of the smaller branches yet to finish. The main line, however, was done.

At intervals squares were cut out

through the ancient forest.

When Molly and Fabian had trayed the log to the skidway they drew it with a bung across the two parallel skids and left it there to be rolled to the top of the pile.

Then Mike McGovern and Bob Stratton and Jim Gladys took charge of it. Mike and Bob were running the cant hooks, while Jim stood on top of the great pile of logs already ditched. A slender, pliable steel chain like a gray snake ran over the top of the pile and disappeared through a pulley to an invisible horse-Jeany, the mate of Molly. Jim threw the end of this chain down. Bob passed it over and under the log and returned it to Jim, who reached down after it with the hook of his implement. Thus the stick of timber rested in a long loop, one end of which fast to the invisible horse, and the other Jim made fast to the top of the pile. He did so by jamming into another log the steel swamp hook with which the chain was armed. When all was made fast the horse started.

"She's a bumper," said Bob. "Look out, Mike!"

The log slid to the foot of the two parallel poles held shanty up the face of the pile. Then it trembled on the ascent. But one end stuck for an instant, and at once the log took on a dangerous slant. Quicker as light Bob and Mike sprang forward, gripped the hooks of the cant hooks like great thumbs and forefingers, and, while one held with all his power, the other gave a sharp twist upward. The log straightened. It was a masterfeat of power and the knack of applying strength justly.

At the top of the little incline the timber hovered for a second.

"One more!" sang out Jim to the driver. He poised, stepped lightly up and over and avoided by the safe baldric being crushed when the log rolled. But it did not lie quite straight or even. So Mike cut a short, thick block and all three stirred the heavy timber sufficiently to admit of the billet's insertion.

Then the chain was thrown down for another.

Jenny, harnessed only to a short, straight bar with a hook in it, leaned to her collar and dug her hoofs at the word of command. The driver, close to her tail, held fast the slender steel chain of an ingenious hitch about the ever useful swamp hook. When Jim shouted "Whoa!" from the top of the skidway the driver did not trouble to stop the horse; he merely let go the hook. So the power was shut off suddenly, as is meet and proper, in such ticklish business. He turned and walked back, and Jenny, like a dog, without the necessity of command, followed him in slow patience.

Now came Dyer, a scaler, rapidly down the logging road, a small, slender man with a little, turned up mustache. The men disliked him because of his affection of a city smartness and because he never ate with them, even when there was plenty of room. The scaler's duty at present was to measure the diameter of the logs in each skidway and so compute the number of board feet. At the office he tended van, kept the books and looked after supplies.

He approached the skidway rapidly, laid his flexible rule across the face of each log, made a mark on his plate tablets in the column to which the log belonged, thrust the tablet in the pocket of his coat, seized a blue crayon in a long holder, with which he made an S as indication that the log had been scaled, and finally tapped several times strongly with a sledge hammer.

On the face of the hammer in relief was an M inside of a delta. This was the company's brand, and so the log was branded as belonging to them. He swarmed over the skidway, rapid and absorbed, in strange activity to the slower power of the actual skidding. In a moment he moved on to the next scene of operations without having said a word to any of the men.

"A few fuzes," said Mike, splitting. So day after day the work went on. Radway spent his time tramping through the woods, figuring on new work, showing the men how to do things better or differently, discussing minute expedients with the blacksmith, the carpenter, the cook.

He was not without his troubles. First he had not enough men, the snow lacked and then came too abundantly, horses fell sick of colic or calked themselves, supplies ran low unexpectedly, trees turned out "punk," a certain bit of ground proved soft for traying, and so on. At election time, of course, a number of the men went out.

And one evening, two days after election time, another and important character entered the North woods and our story.

CHAPTER II.

ON the evening in question some thirty or forty miles southeast of Radway's camp a train was crawling over a badly laid track that led toward the Saginaw valley. The whole affair was very crude. To the edge of the right of way pushed the dense swamp, like a black curtain shutting the virgin country from the view of civilization. Across the snow were tracks of animals.

The train consisted of a string of freight cars, one coach divided half and half between baggage and smoker, and a day car occupied by two silent, awkward women and a child. In the smoker lounged a dozen men. They were of various sizes and descriptions, but they all wore heavy blanket mackinaw coats, rubber shoes and thick German socks tied at the knee. The air was so thick with smoke that the men had difficulty in distinguishing objects across the length of the car.

The passengers sprawled in various attitudes, and their occupations were diverse. Three nearest the baggage room door attempted to sing, but without much success. A man in the corner breathed softly through a mouth organ, to the music of which his seat mate, leaning his head sideways, gave close attention. One big fellow with a square beard swaggered back and forth down the aisle offering to every one refreshment from a quart bottle.

He was seized by the collar, consider typically American. Eyes brows that curved far down along the temples and eyelashes of a darkness in contrast to the prevailing note of his complexion combined to lend him a rather brooding, soft and melancholy air which a very ordinary second ex-

hibited showed to be fictitious. His eyes, like the Woodman's, were steady, but incisive. His jaw was square and set, his mouth straight. Unlike the other inmates of the car he wore an ordinary business suit, somewhat worn, but of good cut and a style that showed even over the soft flannel shirt. The trousers were, however, bound inside the usual socks and rubbers.

After a time the smoke became too dense, probably three-quarters were more or less drunk.

"I'll take up tickets," he remarked. "Perhaps it will quiet the boys down a little."

The conductor was a big man, raven-boned and broad, with a hawk face. His every motion showed lean, quick, pantherlike power.

"Let her went," replied the brakeman, rising a trifle of course to follow his chief.

The brakeman was stocky, short and long armed. In the old fighting days Michigan railroads chose their train officials with an eye to their superior, dextroid. The two men loomed on the noisy smoking compartment.

"Tickets, please," clicked the conductor sharply.

Most of the men began to fumble about in their pockets, but the three singers and the man who had been offering the quart bottle did not stir.

"Ticket, Jack!" repeated the conductor. "Come on, now!"

The big bearded man leaned uncertainly against the seat.

"Now, look here, Bud," he urged in wheedling tones, "I ain't got no ticket. You know how it is, Bud. I blown my stakes." He fished uncertainly in his pocket and produced the quart bottle, nearly empty. "Have a drink?"

"No," said the conductor sharply.

"A' right," replied Jack unflinchingly. "Take one myself." He tipped the bottle, emptied it and buried it through a window. The conductor paid no apparent attention to the breaking of the glass.

"If you haven't any ticket, you'll have to get off," said he.

The big man straightened up.

"You go to blazed!" he snorted, and with the sole of his spiked boot delivered a mighty kick at the conductor's thigh.

The official, agile as a wildcat, leaped back, then forward and knocked the man half the length of the car. You see, he was used to it. Before Jack could regain his feet the official stood over him.

The three men in the corner had also risen and were staggering down the aisle intent on battle. The conductor took in the chances with professional rapidity.

"Get at 'em, Jimmy!" said he.

And as the big man finally swayed to his feet he was seized by the collar and trousers in the grip known to "bouncers" everywhere, hustled to the door, which some one obligingly opened, and hurled from the moving train into the snow. The conductor did not care a straw whether the obstreperous Jack lit on his head or his feet, bit a snow bank or a pile of fleas.

The conductor returned to find a rolling, kicking, gouging mass of kinetic energy knocking the varnish off all one end of the car. A head appearing, he coolly batted it three times against a corner of the seat arm, after which he pulled the contestants out by the hair and threw them into a seat, where he lay limp. Then it could be seen that Jimmy had clasped tight in his embrace a leg each of the other two. He hugged them close to his breast and jammed his face down against them to protect his features. They could pound the top of his head and welcome. The only thing he really feared was a kick in the side, and for that there was hardly room.

The conductor stood over the heap, at a manifest advantage.

"You lumber jacks had enough, or do you want to catch it plenty?"

The men, drunk though they were, realized their helplessness. They signified they had had enough. Jimmy thereupon released them and stood up, brushing down his tousled hair with his stubby fingers.

"Now, is it ticket or bounce?" inquired the conductor.

After some difficulty and grumbling the two paid their fare and that of the third, who was still dazed.

The interested spectators of the little drama included two men near the water cooler who were perfectly sober. One of them was perhaps past the best of life, but still straight and vigorous. His lean face was leather brown in contrast to a long mustache and heavy eyebrows bleached nearly white. His eyes were a clear, steady blue and his frame was slender, but wiry. He wore the regulation mackinaw blanket coat, a peaked cap with an extraordinary high crown and buckskin moccasins over long stockings.

The other was younger, not more than twenty-six perhaps, with the clean cut, regular features we have come to

expect.

"He knows how to hit doesn't he?" he observed. "That fellow was knocked well off his feet."

"He does," agreed the other dryly.

They fell into a desultory conversation of fits and starts. Woodsmen of the genuine sort are never talkative, and Thorpe, as has been explained, was constitutionally reticent. In the course of their disjointed remarks Thorpe explained that he was looking for work in the woods and intended first of all to try the Morrison & Daly camps at Beeson lake.

"Know anything about logging?" inquired the stranger.

"Nothing," Thorpe confessed.

"Ain't much show for anything but lumber jacks. What did you think of doing?"

"I don't know," said Thorpe doubtfully. "I have driven horses a good deal. I thought I might drive team."

The woodsmen turned slowly and looked Thorpe over with a quizzical eye. Then he faced to the front again and spat.

"Quite like," he replied, still more dryly.

The boy's remark had amused him, and he had showed it, as much as he ever showed anything. Excepting always the river men, the driver of a team commands the highest wages among out of door workers.

It is easier to drive a fire engine than a logging team.

But in spite of the naivete of the remark the woodsmen had seen something in Thorpe he liked. Such men become rather expert in the reading of character. He revised his first intention to let the conversation drop.

"I think M. & D. is rather full up just now," he remarked. "I'm walkin' boss over there. The roads is about all made, and roadmaking is what a greenhorn tackles first. They're more chance earlier in the year. But if the old fellow—he strongly accentuated the first word—"ain't notin' for you. Just ask for Tim Slocum, on'll try to put you on the trail for some jobber's camp."

The three who had come into collision with Jimmy and Bud were getting

refreshment from a quart bottle.

He was seized by the collar.

Consider typically American. Eyes brows that curved far down along the temples and eyelashes of a darkness in contrast to the prevailing note of his complexion combined to lend him a rather brooding, soft and melancholy air which a very ordinary second ex-

hibited showed to be fictitious.

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FEAR.

HOW IT MAY BE OVERCOME.

Fear is not always a lack of courage. One may be absolutely fearless when facing real danger, but a perfect coward about trifling matters. Many people fear to be in a crowded hall, and frequently, and unnecessarily, leave some enjoyable affair and return home. Thousands fear lightning to such an alarming extent, that during a thunder storm they become ill. Fear of this character is caused by a nervousness brought on chiefly by diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

A further proof that these organs are diseased, is ascertained by depositing a small quantity of urine in a glass tumbler and if after standing twenty-four hours you find itropy or milky in appearance; if it has a sediment; if your back pains you, and you often have a desire to urinate during the night, with burning, scalding pains; it's the strongest kind of evidence that your kidneys and bladder are diseased and the very strongest reason why you should not delay in trying DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, the pathfinder in medicine, for diseases of the kidneys and bladder, liver, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation.

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Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size.

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Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

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Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular price. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will have about Feb. 16. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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GOLDBECK'S

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It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Hypothenia, (that is organic disease of Inertia), Nervous Exhaustion, Anemia, and Consumption, etc.

To Nursing Mothers, wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

Diastase—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste.

Children in proportion to age.

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Condensed Roots Put in Perfect Condition and warranted for Three Years. Best of City References Given.

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DEALER IN

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GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods.

AGENT FOR

Rogers, Peet & Co.'s

CLOTHING.

War In "Forrest's Country"

A FORTEETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

February 14-21, 1864

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EARLY in January, 1864, the redoubtable Forrest rode out of the Federal lines in west Tennessee, bringing to the Confederate camps in northern Mississippi his most welcome sheaves of raw recruits for the swiftly vanishing ranks of the Confederate army. This fact had been accomplished almost under the eyes of Sherman, who held a division of troops under arms at Memphis, within a day's march of the scene of some of Forrest's exploits, and was personally on the way down the Mississippi to marshal forces and eliminate Forrest from the war problem in the west. But Forrest as a problem got no smaller day by day in spite of Sherman's presence.

Forrest overtook Smith's rear guard and, driving it from a strong position in the timber, followed closely for five miles. Here the Federals formed across a lane where the ground did not admit of turning by the pursuers. Eagerly a force of 150 troopers in gray dashed down the lane, but were met by a countercharge and would have been destroyed but for the readiness of Forrest himself, who led the rescue and in a pistol duel with a Federal trooper shot his antagonist dead.

Forrest used the same tactics in the pursuit of his fleeing foe that he had in meeting their advance. He avoided battle, but sent his brigadiers around the flanks of the pursuing column to harass the Federal march and, if possible, cut off their retreat. At Okolona battle seemed imminent for a time, for Bartear's brigade had landed squarely in the new Federal front, and Forrest, with two brigades, came thundering on the rear. There were two roads northward from Okolona, one of them held by Bartear, and Colonel Forrest attempted to reach the other, leading to Potoc. The night of the 21st was very dark, and the pursuers were baffled in their attempts to force the hand of the enemy. Colonel Forrest failed to get the Potoc road, and the Federal rear guard selected a position a few miles north of Okolona to make a stand. On a knoll covered with small oaks they had thrown up obstructions, which could not be reached by pursuers except by crossing a marsh and climbing a slope under fire. Netted by his failure to seize the Potoc road, Colonel Jeffrey Forrest deployed his Mississippians, Alabamians and Tennesseans and led them in a terrific onset, which carried the first Federal line of cover in the face of a withering fire.

The Federal brigade of Colonel George E. Waring received the attack of Colonel Forrest, fighting under the eye of General Smith. This brigade comprised the Second New Jersey, Second Illinois and Fourth Missouri cavalry. The Missourians had along a battery which was in action for the first time. The troopers carried breech-loaders, and Colonel Forrest's dash for the second line was met with a withering fire concentrated upon a narrow front.



"GUNS, SOUND THE CHARGE!"

The gallant Forrest went down, struck, as his enemy's chain, by a shot from the young battery.

The charging line was repulsed and carried to the rear its dying leader.

Ward was taken to General Forrest in a distant part of the field, and he hurried to his brother's side, dismounted and took the boy in his arms for a parting embrace.

As the stricken soldier was in the very throes of death, Forrest clung to him, and meantime the fighting line moved to sympathy with the pathetic scene, ceaseless firing.

When the boy had breathed his last Forrest laid him gently down and, conscious that the battle had been delayed by this unwanted show of grief in a war leader, nervously leaped into his saddle and drew his sword. Motioning his staff and escort to form, facing Waring's stubborn line, he shouted to his corps bugler, always by the side of his chief in action. "Guns, sound the charge!"

Forrest led his brother's brigade in a mad rush over the breastworks of logs and rails, where Smith's rear guard

battled with fierceness equaling that of the assailants. His horse fell under him, pierced with five bullets, but he pressed forward on foot until a trooper offered him his horse. This was also killed by the impetuous fighter, had ridden thirty rods. Two Confederate rebels fell, and Forrest was soon left with only 300 men, and these had used up their carbine ammunition and were fighting with pistols, hand to hand.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

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TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

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E. W. Groves' signature is on each box.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Bear the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

THE BLAZED TRAIL

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

However, they had produced a stout jug and had collected the remainder of the passengers, with the exception of Shearer and Thorpe, and now were passing the jug rapidly from hand to hand. Soon they became musical, striking up one of the wild, long drawn out chants so popular with the shanty boys. Thorpe shrewdly guessed his companion to be a man of some weight and did not hesitate to ascribe his immunity from annoyance to the other's presence.

"It's a bad thing," said the walking boss. "I used to be at it myself, and I know."

"Bevin Lake!" cried Jimmy fiercely through the aperture of the door.

"You'll find the boardin' house just across over the track," said the woodsman, holding out his hand. "So long. See you again. If you don't find a job with the old fellow. My name's Shearer."

"Mike is Thorpe," replied the other.

"Thank you."

Thorpe followed and found himself on the frozen platform of a little dark railway station. Directly across the track from the railway station a single building was picked from the dark by a solitary lamp in a lower story room. The four who had descended before Thorpe made over toward this light, stumbling and laughing uncertainly, so he knew it was probably the boarding house and prepared to follow them.

The five were met at the steps by the proprietor of the boarding house. This man was short and stout, with a bare-chested and cleft palate, which at once gave him the well known slurring speech of persons so afflicted and impaired also to the timbre of his voice peculiarly hollow, resonant, trumpet-like note. He stumped about energetically on a wooden leg of home manufacture. It was a cumbersome instrument, heavy, with deep pine socket for the stump and a projecting brace which passed under a leather belt around the man's waist. This instrument he used with the dexterity of a third hand. As Thorpe watched him he drove in a protruding nail, kicked two "turkeys" inside the open door and stuck the armed end of his peg leg through the top and bottom of the whisky jug that one of the new arrivals had set down near the door. The whisky promptly ran out. At this the cripple flung the puny jug from the wooden leg far out over the rail of the veranda into the snow.

A growl went up.

"What 'n thunder's that for?" snarled one of the owners of the whisky threateningly.

"Don't allow no whisky here," snarled the bare-chested.

The men were very angry. They advanced toward the cripple, who retreated with astonishing agility to the lighted room. There he bent the wooden leg behind him, slipped the end of the brace from beneath the leather belt, seized the other peg end in his right hand and so became possessed of a murderous bludgeon. This he brandished, hopping at the same time back and forth in such perfect poise and yet with so ludicrous an effect of popping corn that the men were surprised into laughing.

"Hally for you, pegleg!" they cried.

"Ities an' reg'lations, boys," replied the latter, without, however, a shade of compromising in his tones. "Had supper?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Queen Victoria's Toys.

The playthings of the late Queen Victoria, while in splendor and intrinsic value they will not compare with the almost priceless Jubilee presents that will be shown at the World's Fair, will appeal to the sentiment of all who view them.

The British pavilion at the World's Fair is a replica of the Orangery at Kensington Palace, the birthplace of Queen Victoria. When she was a child she passed many hours in the quaint old building that was designed more than two hundred years ago for Queen Anne, another of Britain's famed rulers. It was here that Victoria played with dolls and other toys that delight the children of all classes.

When Mr. C. B. Wood, the superintendent of construction for the British building, was making his plans he visited the Orangery and faithfully copied all the peculiarities. It was on these visits that he saw the toys with which the child who was destined to become Britain's best loved ruler beguiled her time. Some of the dolls bore the marks of the love that the little princess had for her then favorite subjects. The paint is rubbed from the face of one. The arm of another is gone and the leg of still another is missing. All of these toys are carefully preserved, and they remain just as they were when Victoria, as the child, cast them aside.

When Mr. Wood, after completing the World's Fair replica of the Orangery, returned to London, and he said he was going to make an effort to have the playthings sent to the World's Fair in their entirety, and they will appear in the new Orangery just as they are in the original.

The Last Straw—It was Saturday night, and, owing to the temporary absence of his wife, it fell to Mr. Brown to attend to the usual process of giving his eight-year-old son a bath and putting him to bed. He had left his evening paper with a man's reluctance, and had hurried matters along with more speed than the little chap was accustomed to. However, he endured it all without a protest until it came to the prayer. It was his habit after "Now I say me" to ask the divine blessing upon a long list of relatives and friends, calling each by name.

"Please, God," he began, "bless papa and mamma, grandpa and grandma, Aunt Edith and Uncle George, and—." A pause. His father, thinking to curtail the list of beneficiaries, softly intimated an "amen." Not heeding the interruption, the little suppliant drew a long breath, and continued. "Aunt Alice and Cousin Alice, and—and—" Again his father said "amen."

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and, lifting his little head, he exclaimed, with tears of indignation: "Papa who's runnin' this prayer, you or me?"—Harper's Magazine.

The Roman Catholic name in the world are alleged by a statistician to number 458,000.

PROFIT AND LOSS

[Original.]

The outlaws was thick around Toone stone county and I kep' a store there. I sold 'em goods and traded 'em when they hadn't no money, for you kin trust two kinds of people—them as is honest and them as is at open war with the rest of the world. It's the middle classes that beats you. There was one on 'em—the outlaws, I mean—that I didn't want around, for he'd carried things too far and there was a price set on his head. That was Dandy Jim. Dandy Jim's head was worth \$1,000 to any man that could git the drop on him.

I was always a-filigrin' how I could git him in a trap and git the reward. There wasn't no use in tryin' to do the job in an ordinary way, for Jim was as cool as a cucumber and slicker 'n a greased pole. I'd have to fix some way of gittin' a pint ahead. What I wanted was a confederate; some one to do the shootin' while I did the foolin'.

One day a young woman come to my place and wanted to work in my store. I tol' her I didn't want a woman, but she said she'd work for her board, and after talkin' to my wife about it I engaged her. She could do most anything, but she was handiest about keepin' my accounts. She must 'a' been a schoolmarm, for one day she took account of stock and figured up and told me 'exactly what I was worth.'

"If I could git Dandy Jim," I said to her, "and turn him in dead or alive I'd be worth \$2,000."

"But they say Dandy Jim's a hard man to take," she said.

"Maybe he'll come around here some day and I'll try it."

"How would you manage it?"

"If I know'd he was a-cosin' I'd post some in outside to cover him. Then if he got the drop on me I'd signal the outside to shoot him."

"What kind of a signal would you give? He'd shoot you before you could make any signs."

"Well, he'd likely tell me to throw up my hands, and that would be as good a signal as any."

"You're pretty smart," she said. "I didn't give you credit for so

MANCHURIA BOSS

Russia Adheres to Her Political and Strategic Claims

WILL NOT SIGN A TREATY

Offer of "General Assurances" Given to Other Powers Not Acceptable to Japan, Which Is Now Ready For War

London, Jan. 22.—Special dispatches from St. Petersburg assert that Russia's reply to the latest Japanese note was drawn up at a ministerial council held yesterday, at which the war provided. The tenor of this reply is cautious but firm, and it was approved without a dissenting voice by the committee of ministers.

Nothing has been given out officially concerning this reply, but it is understood, according to the messages from St. Petersburg, that Russia maintains that Manchuria must remain amenable politically and strategically to Russian influence, the concession being only of a commercial character.

Settlement of the crisis hangs before the question of what assurances Russia shall give Japan that the open door and China's sovereignty shall be respected in Manchuria by the St. Petersburg government. Russia has offered the same general assurances that she has given to the other powers. Japan insists upon a treaty in which Russia shall give her pledges the most binding to her. Great Britain declines to act on the Russian request that British influence be used to modify Japan's demands. There, for the moment, underts are apparently at a standstill.

Japan is now fully prepared for war, and is disinclined to disarm until her years of preparation since the Chinese War have definitely and absolutely settled her dispute with Russia. A peaceful settlement is now considered likely, though it is admitted that weeks of suspense must precede any final adjustment. Lord Lansdowne is for the first time slightly optimistic, while Baron Hayashi, the Japanese minister, still takes a gloomy view of affairs.

The French foreign minister, Delcasse, had an interview with the Japanese minister yesterday, and is said to have made definite suggestions for the basis of a peaceful settlement. M. Delcasse's reputation gives his optimistic view much influence in continental diplomatic circles.

The Russian foreign office quietly set aside the noisy interview of Alexiev's agent, Plagion, with the statement that Russia made no reservations in her pledge to recognize our new treaty rights in Manchuria. There remains ample ground for delay, however, in the declaration that Russia must have a voice, with China, in the decision of questions arising over the foreign settlements.

Korean affairs are still threatening. The emperor has ordered a reorganization of the government, and is reported to be inclined to a restoration of the Chinese suzerainty. Reports that the American guards were boisterous and offensive are disproved by ample evidence.

Accounts In Good Condition

Washington, Jan. 21.—The treasury experts who have been investigating the offices of Secretary Mosley of the interstate commerce commission state that the accounts of the secretary are correct and are in excellent condition, but criticize the method of financial administration in two or three particulars which do not appear to be of importance.

Reyes Postpones Departure

New York, Jan. 18.—General Reyes, Colombia's special envoy to the United States, will not sail on the steamer *Allegany* for Cartagena as he had said he would. When seen at the Hoffman house, Reyes said: "I decided not to sail, nor do I know just when I shall start." He refused to give his reason for changing his plans.

Gordon Monument Proposed

Columbus, Miss., Jan. 21.—General Lee, commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, has issued a call to every Confederate organization to organize immediately to secure subscriptions for a monument to be erected to the late General Gordon at Atlanta.

Would Not Accept Redirection

New Haven, Jan. 22.—The employees of the New Haven Iron and Steel company, who have been idle since Dec. 19, have voted to submit the wage question to their national union. The company ordered a reduction in wages of 11 1-4 percent and the men declined to accept it. The mill was then shut down.

Leaves Property to His Family

Springfield, O., Jan. 21.—The will of former Governor Asa S. Bushnell was filed last evening for probate. It provides for the distribution of practically all of his estate among his wife and children. The estate is valued at about \$7,000,000.

Officeholders In Politics

Washington, Jan. 20.—Postmaster General Payne says that there is nothing to bar postmasters or other federal officeholders from serving as delegates to political conventions, whether national, state or county.

Italians Flock to United States

Rome, Jan. 18.—The United States continues to be the chief direction of Italian emigration, the number of emigrants going there in 1903 reaching a total of nearly 250,000.

Practical Test of Protector

Newport, R. I., Jan. 20.—A board of army officers inspected the submarine boat *Protector* as to her military value in coast and harbor defense. The boat was submerged, a cable picked up and cut, and dinner cooked, served and eaten on board.

CONSTITUTION DRAFTED

Outline of What Republic of Panama Will Enact Into Law

Panama Jan. 21.—The constitutional convention has approved, on the first debate, a draft of a constitution which contains the following principal points:

The abolition of business monopolies in the republic, the infliction of the death penalty for political crime, the abolition of the army and the establishment of an efficient police force; the fact that the majority of inhabitants are of the Roman Catholic faith is recognized, but church and state are separated; all citizens, with the exception of members of any military body which may be established, shall have the right to vote; the press shall be free; the president's term of office shall be four years; there are two substitute vice presidents, one from the Liberal and one from the Conservative party, and they shall serve for two years; the judiciary to be elected by census.

That part of the draft which refers to territorial boundaries delimits the canal zone as specified in the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty and this is believed indirectly to approve the treaty.

Ecclesiastical Trial For Elwood

Dover, Del., Jan. 20.—The New Castle Presbytery has decided to try Rev. H. A. Elwood of Wilmington on charges in connection with the preaching of a sermon by him last June entitled: "Should the murderer of Helen Bishop be lynched?" The complaint against Elwood is that he delivered a sermon, which, it is alleged, so worked up the people that the next night a mob gathered, stormed the work house, took out George White, a negro, who confessed to assaulting and killing Helen Bishop, and burned him to death at the stake.

Gillies Indicted by Grand Jury

Salem, Mass., Jan. 10.—An indictment of 64 counts was returned by the grand jury against John A. Gillies, former jury treasurer of Haverhill. The indictment alleges larceny of \$2000 in bonds during 1901, and \$42,000 in bonds during 1902 and 1903. There is a separate count for each bond alleged to have been stolen. Gillies has confessed the larceny. He is now under bonds of \$15,000 for his appearance before the grand jury.

Morgan Would Annex Panama

Washington, Jan. 22.—Mr. Platt (Conn.) concluded his speech on Panama yesterday. He defended the course of the president throughout the Panama revolt and eulogized the executive personally as brave and fearless. Mr. Morgan spoke in explanation of his bill for the annexation of Panama to the United States, basing his argument on the ground that the pending canal treaty practically contemplated that result.

Had Right to Give Away Cigars

Salem, Mass., Jan. 19.—The grand jury found nothing criminal in the action of R. L. Wood, mayor of Haverhill, in giving out cigars during his campaign for office last month. In his campaign expenses Wood fled an item of \$25 for cigars, and this was called to the attention of the grand jury by W. S. Hodgdon of that city. Hodgdon and 12 other witnesses were heard by the grand jury.

The Fall of a "Reformer"

Clinton, Ia., Jan. 22.—J. W. Warr, president of the Moline Building and Loan association, has been indicted by the grand jury on 17 counts. The indictment charges that he has embezzled \$31,000, although it is said his shortage will exceed \$100,000. Warr was a great reformer and church worker and last spring was a candidate for mayor on the reform ticket. He is in jail in default of bonds.

Determined Efforts at Suicide

Newton, Mass., Jan. 21.—After a futile effort to end her life by taking carbolic acid, Inga Peterson, 18 years old, a domestic, made a second attempt by stripping herself to the waist and stabbing herself four times with a carving knife. Her condition is dangerous.

Departure Mourned by Partner

Burlington, Vt., Jan. 19.—A warrant charging the larceny of \$2700 has been issued for the arrest of Theodore Kupke. The complainant is J. J. Kennedy. Kupke's partner in the laundry business, Kupke is alleged to have collected money due the firm and then departed.

Doctor Missing From Home

Waterbury, Conn., Jan. 21.—Dr. Walter T. Hickley of this city is missing. He left home Jan. 14 to make a business trip to New York city. He never reached his destination. His family is at a loss to account for his absence.

Woman Burned to Death

Boston, Jan. 19.—While Mrs. Jennie E. Humphrey, aged 60, was filling an oil stove in her room in a lodging house at 8 Pemroke street last night, her clothing caught fire and she was burned to death.

Liquor Sellers Imprisoned

Augusta, Me., Jan. 20.—Joseph Perlund, Joseph Howard and Reny Burgoine, all of Waterville, were sentenced to 60 days in jail with no alternative on indictments for liquor selling.

Hanna Again Laid Up

Washington, Jan. 22.—Senator Hanna is suffering from a recurrence of gout and is confined to his bed. It is stated that his illness is not serious.

Death of George Francis Train

New York, Jan. 19.—George Francis Train died last night at the Mills hotel in Bleeker street of heart failure, resulting from nephritis.

Celestials Homeward Bound

Providence, Jan. 22.—On board the steamer *Dorchester*, when she sailed for Baltimore last night, were 50 Chinese men from Boston and Buffalo, listed for transportation to their native country. They are in charge of United States Marshal Bennett and have been convicted of being illegally in this country.

ENGULFED IN WAR

Commercial Progress In San Domingo Is Stifled

MUST BE INTERVENTION

United States Will Feel It to Be Its Duty to Protect American Interests—Germany Watching and Waiting In Grab Game

San Juan, P. R., Jan. 21.—The present political and economic situation of Santo Domingo is so critical, even so desperate, as to bring it peculiarly under the notice of the United States government, and it is extremely likely that within the next two or three months it will occupy as much of public attention as Panama and Colombia do at present.

American interests are largely at stake in San Domingo, and the island being the exact centre of the chain of West Indian islands, its strategic position with respect to the Panama canal is such as to make it of vital importance to the United States as the ruling power of the Western Hemisphere. Considering the isolation of Santo Domingo we are not dealing with a little barren rock thrown up by the Atlantic ocean out of the track of commerce, but with a rich and fertile island 32,000 square miles in area, about the size of Ireland, richer, far more fertile and more strategically located than Cuba.

It forms the key to the West Indies and the Spanish Main. Within its great Bay of Samana, one of the largest and finest bays in the world, the entire needs of all the great nations could be snugly hidden.

Three distinct revolutions are now in full swing in San Domingo—Hindes opposing Morales, while the followers of ex-President Wey Gil are seeking to gain a firm footing. All three parties lack the necessary funds to push their respective interests effectively. There is no money in the country, little or none is coming in as revenue. The native currency, all nickel, the dollar having a value of only 20 cents American money in the republic, is absolutely valueless outside of the country. Local taxation no longer be raised and foreign bonds are equally impossible. A foreign debt of many millions of dollars weighs down the country, and all of its sources of revenue have practically passed under the control of mercantile houses and companies. No part of the interest on the great national debt has been paid for months.

The Santo Domingo Improvement company, an American concern managed from Wall street, has a firm grip upon the republic, and that grip is daily tightened. The Clyde Steamship company has a franchise that permits it to monopolize all the trade between the United States and San Domingo and along the coast of the latter whatever rate it chooses to impose.

Numerous perquisites, a means of becoming rapidly rich, are asserted to be the incentive that urges on ambitious spirits to aspire to the presidency of the republic and sinks the country into one long spell of ruin, desolation and fratricidal carnage. Upon leaving the presidency it is said that Hindes carried off \$500,000, and Morales, who was then a telegraph, got \$80,000. Vasquez and his people are asserted to have carried off a large sum. Wey Gil is accused of having seized \$1,500,000 and so on. This may or may not be the truth, but the accusers are the Dominicans themselves. Many local franchises and monopolies still commercial press, and the people, not knowing how to alleviate their sufferings, rush into war and help to add vigor to the general conflagration. Embodiment of public funds is not considered to be dishonorable or criminal in San Domingo, and is extensively practiced.

Engulfed as they are in such a desperate financial bog, Dominican statesmen turn their eager gaze in every direction in search of aid, and all they must have without much more delay. A glimmer of hope seemed to dawn on the horizon for them when German, who is anxious and ever on the alert to gain a foothold in America, towards the latter part of the president term of Wey Gil, sought to negotiate for the occupation of Samana bay. That hope was temporarily dissipated by the vigorous message of the United States state department to the Dominican government forbidding any such transaction, but Germany is still biding, waiting and watching, and, if permitted, will one day make a grab before the outside world is well aware of what is happening.

The Dominican government holds firmly to its theory that as a free and independent nation it is at liberty to negotiate with whom it pleases, and that any call for intervention on the part of the United States will be unlawful, and, allowed the opportunity, will defy American authority and the Monroe doctrine in the hope of being supported by other friendly powers. At any rate their desperate condition will make them brave anything in their endeavor to obtain assistance.

There are many Dominicans who still trust in the American government and people, and eagerly look forward to American intervention to alleviate their terrible situation. The conduct of the United States towards Cuba has filled these men with hope. Interference by the United States government will have to come and that, too, pretty soon, for it is not simply a matter of Dominicans injuring themselves by their perpetual wars; it is a case in which American interests are likely to suffer heavily.

Stabbing In Sailors' Row

Providence, Jan. 22.—A stabbing affray, in which four negro sailors and a white man named Gormley were actors, occurred in the shipping district last night. Gormley sustained several serious wounds, but will probably recover. John Williams is under arrest, charged with the cutting. It is not known how the trouble originated.

REID CHASE ENDED

Notorious Swindler Is Captured

Springfield, Mass., Jan. 10.—Berlin Clark has received a telephone message from Turnley Wade of this city, who arrived in Utica, N. Y., at about 1 o'clock this morning and positively identified the suspect held by the police of that city as William F. Reid, the hotel swindler, who broke jail here on Jan. 10. When Turnley Wade arrived at police headquarters in Utica Reid was asleep, but on being roused he came to the bars and snarlingly shook hands with the turnkey.

Reid was arrested at the Central Hudson railroad station by Officer Constance of the Utica police force. While on the way to the police station Reid started to run, but the officer put out his foot and slipped him. Reid will be brought back today unless it is found necessary to secure extradition papers.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Henry Tyrrell, the oldest continuous resident of Nashua, N. H., is dead, aged 88. He was born in the suburbs of the city and held many public offices.

The Advent Christians closed their three days of prayer services and addressed at Boston with a revival meeting and glorification in anticipation of the early coming of the Lord.

The statement that the change in the length of the course at the state normal schools from two years to three years would be beneficial is contained in the annual report of the Massachusetts state board of education.

A petition in involuntary bankruptcy has been filed against the Marion company of Providence, dealers in hats, by Boston creditors.

The New Hampshire Press association, at its 30th annual convention, decided to take part in the World's Press parliament at St. Louis. President Clark of Manchester was re-elected.

The Liberal Laymen's League of Connecticut held its annual meeting at Northampton, Mass., and elected J. W. Stevens of Greenfield, Mass., president.

The South Portland, Me., grammar school building was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$400.

May Goodell, aged 7, got her clothing after while playing with matches at Royallston, Mass. Her body was burned so that she died a few hours later.

A belief that the number of judges constituting the supreme court of Rhode Island will be decreased from seven to five is current in legal circles in that state.

The plant of the Florence Watch company at Florence, Mass., was sold to satisfy a mortgage for \$15,000. The original cost of the plant was \$125,000. The purchaser was W. H. Wilder. It is understood that the plant will be operated for the manufacture of stoves.

The state police of Massachusetts have received official information of the arrest in northern Italy of Donato Panza, charged with the murder of Guglielmo Neri at Franklin, Mass.

Professor Cyrus Jordan died at Ocean Park, Me., aged 74. He was formerly president of Hillsdale (Mich.) college. For 19 years he was assistant editor of the *Morning Star*, a Free Will Baptist publication.

Edward V. Wescott, at one time one of the best known hotel men in the country, died at Newport, R. I., of heart disease, aged 64.

Captain Alfred A. Howard has been appointed as keeper of the light at Nantucket, Mass., to succeed Captain Berry, deceased.

Joseph Leopold, 28, a teamster, committed suicide at Holbrook, Mass., by hanging. Leopold had been in poor health.

A new labor organization, the Massachusetts state branch of the International Union of Steam Engineers, has been organized at Boston.

Unable because of her infirmities to summon assistance, Mrs. Frank Kelly, 70 years old, was burned to death at Rutland, Vt. It is supposed that she overturned a lamp.

Fifty graduates of the University of Vermont attended the 12th annual reunion and dinner of the New England alumni at Boston. Charles A. Catlin, '78, was elected president.

A fire which occurred in the building of the Franklin (N. H.) Gas company, a one-story brick structure, resulted in an explosion which wrecked the structure. Edward Butterworth, who was fighting the flames, was severely burned.

Brown university will confer fellowships of the college and theological departments for the coming academic year upon Clifford G. Allen of Ohio and George C. Cell of Kansas. The fellowships enable a year in study abroad.

Mrs. Dolly Patten, at one time a missionary with her first husband, Rev. J. F. Bryant, in Africa, died at Littleton, Mass., aged 92.

The Scarsport house, at Scarsport, Me., was burned. F. T. Grinnell was proprietor of

A Bride's Rule.

Witnesses don't often appear in court in their night clothes, especially when those witnesses are beautiful women, but a Los Angeles court was treated to this experience a few days ago as the climax of one of the most sensational cases ever brought before it.

Mrs. Max Basche, a bride of a few months, was an unwilling witness—at least, that is the legal term for her refusal to give evidence against herself, but anything she might have told the court would hardly have rebounded to her benefit or added to her peace of mind. So, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, when the summons was sent for her to appear she said she was ill, and it would be impossible for her to obey the mandate. But the court was suspicious, and a physician was dispatched to the Basche home to make an examination. He reported that Mrs. Basche was in good health as far as he could see.

Then an ambulance was sent to bring Mrs. Basche to court. She at first had several fainting fits and became hysterical. Then she went to bed. But the officers of the law were obstinate, and they took her out of bed, loaded the fair witness on a stretcher, wrapped an elderdown quilt around her, and conveyed her in the ambulance to the city hall, where the case was called for trial. The courtroom was crowded. The case itself had attracted a great deal of attention, but no such sensational climax as this was expected.

Mrs. Basche was oblivious to everything—the tittering, the sly nudges, the innumerable admiring of the wondering males. The judge asked her a question. No answer. The witness was asleep or pretending to be. The judge entreated, urged, cajoled and threatened, but still the fair witness slept serenely on. Another medical examination was made, and the verdict of the first physician was supported. Then Mrs. Basche was fined \$65 for contempt of court and sent to her home.

This is the experience Mrs. Basche underwent for trying a highly original plan for keeping her husband at home. Her trick has succeeded after a fashion.

The Basches were known as an extremely loving couple. Mr. Basche never stayed away of nights, and he never went visiting without taking his wife with him.

At last the momentous day arrived. Mr. Basche informed his wife that he would have to go away on a little journey. It would take him a few days, and she could not go with him. Mrs. Basche pleaded and shed tears. But her husband said it was impossible to take her. When Mrs. Basche found her tears and pleadings of no avail she grew silent. Then she laid a plot.

The day before Mr. Basche was to go away he came home at 8 p. m., and found his wife, bound and gagged and lying on the floor, apparently unconscious.

When Mrs. Basche returned to consciousness she was hysterical for several hours. Tears! She shed them in torrents.

She said that when she returned from a shopping tour about 2:30 p. m., and stepped off the car near her home she said, and then, after cursing her, felled her to the floor, jumped on her, grabbed a newspaper that was lying near and pulled her shrieks by crumpling wad after wad of the paper in her mouth. He bound the wads in her mouth with his handkerchief and then, oh, he tied her hands and ankles with pink ribbons.

She told him there was only \$8 in the house. The tramp looked in the purse she said, and then, after cursing her, felled her to the floor, jumped on her, grabbed a newspaper that was lying near and pulled her shrieks by crumpling wad after wad of the paper in her mouth. He bound the wads in her mouth with his handkerchief and then, oh, he tied her hands and ankles with pink ribbons.

When he finished his quest for plunder, Mrs. Basche said, the tramp sprinkled her face with chloroform, some of which got into her eyes and caused her untold agony. She lay thus bound until her husband came home to dinner at 6 o'clock.

An instant search was made for the tramps. None could be found answering the description given by the woman. The police heard her story, but were suspicious. In the first place the tramp must have been an absent-minded beggar, for he left even the \$8 in the purse. And then as the rude policemen observed the sturdy lines of Mrs. Basche's magnificent physique they wondered how those fragile pink ribbons held her ankles securely for three mortal hours.

"But I was unconscious, you know," explained Mrs. Basche.

Next day, after closer questioning, Mrs. Basche changed her description of the villain. In fact, she described a man nearly everybody knew.

"Why then it must have been John S. Hennessey," said one of the detectives.

"That's just who it was," tearfully admitted Mrs. Basche.

Hennessey is a respected citizen and for years had been connected with the Los Angeles fire department. He had been regarded as an upright citizen and not the sort of a man who would go around robbing and frightening women. But the police were no respectors of persons and they went to Hennessey.

"Yes, I did it," admitted Hennessey, after a moment's hesitation. "You see, she asked me to."

"I have known Mrs. Basche for four or five years," said Hennessey later in explaining his part in the affair. "One afternoon I met her on Main street and she asked me to come to her house on Vernon avenue. She wrote the address on a slip of paper. See, here it is. I'm mighty glad I kept it. Well, I went up to her house. She told me her husband was going to leave the following day on a business trip and she didn't want him to go.

"Now," says she, "I want you to tie my feet, tie my hands behind me, and put a handkerchief over my face."

"I warned her that it was risky play and advised her not to do it, as she was liable to get into trouble."

"Oh," says she, "it will be all right. It's only a joke of Max."

"So it's only a joke of Max." Hennessey is a respected citizen and for years had been connected with the Los Angeles fire department. He had been regarded as an upright citizen and not the sort of a man who would go around robbing and frightening women. But the police were no respectors of persons and they went to Hennessey.

"I wet the handkerchief with water. She complained that the handkerchief was not light enough, so I stuck some paper under it. She said she wanted the thing done to frighten her husband so he would not go away without her."

"After I got her fixed the way she directed I left her lying on the floor, jumped on a Central avenue car and

"Captain Benjamin."

"(Continued from page 1 in New York Press.)" Few men in the financial vortex are so well known as George Crouch, artist, writer, soldier of fortune, spectator, editor, raconteur, man-about-town, humorist and blockade runner. He is more than all those put together; he is a philosopher. At 81, he aspires to a comfortable bed in some clean hospital, where, clear of brain, he can devote twenty resounding years to literature. Crouch is a native of England and a red-hot Anti-slavery by adoption, with an American accent. He is said to look very much like James R. Keene, and for years was mistaken for Mr. Keene's brother. The resemblance begins and ends in the mustache and whiskers. But the two men, both Englishmen, are warm friends. Crouch's fondest memory is his experience as a blockade runner.

At 19 Crouch was in the employ of a great Liverpool house of the name of Adeler & Co., cotton merchants. (I would not spell it the spelling.) His headquarters was in the Bahamas, from which he superintended the shipment of cotton to England. His office was a consequential affair. Blockade runners arrived almost daily from Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick, Port Royal, etc., and Confederate cotton was transferred to British bottoms and sent on its way to Liverpool and London. Wrecks were of common occurrence, and many of them were not due entirely to accident. Men knew how to settle in those days, and it was easier to sink a ship and cargo than chances of going back to the coast with the prospect of a rope around the neck. Besides looking after the interests of his firm, Crouch represented the Lloyds, registers of shipping, and made regular reports to them.

The captain of the lighthouse keeper of the Bahamas was a negro who boasted that he had Scots blood in his veins. He was a veritable Captain Kidd for dash and deviltry, and as good a sailor as ever shifted a gulf. One day he brought into Crouch's office a miserable looking specimen of humanity garbed in tatters, sat him down in a corner and, pointing to Crouch, said, "Set dar tell he's ready ter 'tend ter yo' bizness." The clerk of Adeler & Co., a trifler al to be sure, turned around in the course of half an hour and asked the wretch what his name was. "Captain Benjamin," was the reply. "Well, Benjamin I am about to hear from you. What is the matter? Another wreck?" "Yes." "What was the name of the vessel?" "The Jefferson Davis." "Ahh! That's odd. We have many ships named 'The Confederate' or 'The Confederate States,' but yours is the first 'Jefferson Davis.'"

All sorts of questions were asked about the "Jefferson Davis," but no satisfactory answer could be obtained. Captain Benjamin dodged so much that Crouch became offended and threatened to proceed against him for scuttling, whereupon the captain said, laughing jovially: "I am not what I seem, sir, I am Judah P. Benjamin, secretary of state of the Confederacy. I have just escaped from the coast of Florida in an open boat, and want to proceed to England." Crouch's first inclination was to drop dead of astonishment. But he held himself together and gave the "brains of the Confederacy" ample assistance. The first thing Secretary Benjamin did was to get into a suit of Crouch's clothes, which, though a trifler too full, made him of respectable appearance. Then Crouch fed him breakfast.

Mr. Crouch says: "I treated him like a lord. He had all the money he could carry—French gold coins. When he got ready to leave the Bahamas for Liverpool I wrote him a letter of credit for 100,000 pounds sterling! History shows he arrived in England poor. That is an error. He was a very rich man. His wife was then living in Paris in the style of our Mrs. Mackay, but the couple, as you know, had separated. Mr. Benjamin soon took a prominent place at the bar in England, and in a short time became queen's counselor. His fees were enormous, and his riches vastly multiplied."

Ten years passed. One night Crouch was a guest at a banquet in the Guildhall and found himself seated between his host and a stranger. After the coffee the former man whispered: "By the way, do you know the gentleman on your left? He is very distinguished. He is in fact, no other than Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Q. C., former attorney general, secretary of war and secretary of state of the Confederacy." Swallowing his amazement, after the manner of a soldier, Crouch, awaiting the opportune moment, said to his neighbor, "How do you do, Mr. Secretary. I have had the pleasure of meeting you before." Benjamin, in surprise, said: "Indeed, sir! Might I inquire where and when?" "Do you remember when you and Mr. Brocklehurst left Jefferson Davis after the surrender?" "Very well, but—" "And you hurried to Florida and escaped in an open boat to the Bahamas?" "Why, er, yes, but—" "And you reached British ground in a dirty ragged, sailor suit and were brought to the office of Adeler & Co., by the negro captain of the lighthouse cutter?" "How very remarkable, sir; but how do you know of these things?"

"Never mind just yet. And you sat down in a corner while an impudent, insolent clerk finished his letters, after which he called you 'Benjamin', and took your interrogatories about the sinking of your vessel?" "This is most astonishing, sir! Please explain yourself." "You remember every incident, Mr. Secretary?" "Every one, perfectly." "And, finally, when the clerk learned who you were, he gave you a suit of his clothes and wrote you a letter of credit for 100,000 pounds sterling?" "But answer me, if you please; how can you know so accurately of these things?" "Because I was the clerk, and you told me all about your escape." A warm and lasting friendship ensued, and nothing in London or the United Kingdom was too good for George Crouch.

In buying fish, the gills should be red.

Poultry should have smooth legs and short spurs, with the feet bending easily and the eyes bright. If the fowl has begun to turn blue it is not good.

Grouse and quail both have white flesh; the plumed grouse, however, has dark flesh.

Veal should be fat.

Soup meat should have as little fat as possible and come from the round, and also most intended for beef tea, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

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Poultry should have smooth legs and short spurs, with the feet bending easily and the eyes bright. If the fowl has begun to turn blue it is not good.

Grouse and quail both have white flesh; the plumed grouse, however, has dark flesh.

Birds with white meat take about ten minutes longer to cook than those with dark meat.—Exchange.

"To wash, iron and cook," he replied, "and the wages will be \$4.95 per week."

"I'll go you," answered the maid.

And a few seconds later they left the intelligence office together.—Chicago News.

Painting the Pickles.

The Connecticut State Experimental Station in a recent report declares that only one of the eighteen samples of sweet pickles, cucumbers and other vegetables examined was free from glucose, saccharine, or chemical preservatives. Most of the pickles contained small quantities of alumina and sulphuric acid, and one sample was "greened" by the use of copper.

The majority of carbonated non-alcoholic beverages and fruit flavors, of which 21 samples were examined, were found to be adulterated, either by the use of coal-tar dyes or added preservatives.

The annual loss from the burning of buildings in the United States is about one hundred and thirty-five million dollars, not including cost of insurance and the appliances for fire protection.

New Hampshire Savings Banks.

The statement of the New Hampshire bank commissioners shows the savings institutions in that state in a prosperous condition. According to their report, the total deposits in New Hampshire savings banks amounted on June 30 last to \$3,019,168, which would indicate an increase during the year of \$3,609,320. As a general rule, it can be stated that savings banks show a good condition financially in the community when the increase in their deposits is in excess of their interest earnings. Of the sixty savings banks included in this report as paying dividends, forty-three gave their depositors 3 per cent., two 81 per cent., eleven 8 per cent., and four 7 per cent., an average for the sixty of 3,100 per cent. The future dividend prospects, according to the commissioners, \$1,880,470, so that on this showing, almost \$1,800,000 increase in the deposits came from new deposits, for the growth in the total was that much greater of the interest dividends declared. As we have stated, this is a fair measure of general prosperity.

New Hampshire still remains fifth of the New England states when ranked by her deposits in savings banks. Massachusetts is, of course, first, with more than half of the total for the whole New England division. Connecticut is second, Maine third, Rhode Island and fourth and New Hampshire fifth.

In New Hampshire, however, the average sum to the credit of each depositor is in excess of the figures for either Maine, Massachusetts or Vermont.

Measured on this standard, Rhode Island is the second state in the Union, being only surpassed by California. As it is, New Hampshire has more than three times as much on deposit in savings banks as have the combined southern states of West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, Texas and Tennessee. She has more than the states of Ohio and Indiana combined, and considerably more than the total deposits shown in all the savings banks of the Union in the census of 1850. From almost any point of view, therefore, the Granite State may well be proud of the showing made by her savings banks.

Jack London and the Sea.

In discussion of the opening chapters of Jack London's "The Sea Wolf," which readers of the January Century found of uncommon quality, one critic notes that to the attentive student of current fiction there is a distinct satisfaction in having Mr. London at last essay a genuine story of the sea, because it will put him at once on common ground with writers like Kipling and Joseph Conrad—writers with whom he has from the first challenged comparison. "Already in this brief opening instalment," continues the comment, "we note one vital point—that, unlike 'Captains Courageous' or 'Children of the Sea,' both of which are full of the fascination that the ocean has for the sailor, 'The Sea Wolf' stands as an exponent mainly of the sea's cruelty. There is no point of antagonism toward it from the opening pages as though Mr. London had never quite come under the magic spell of its salt breath and tossing wave. The cruelty of the sea, its relentless and awfulness promises to be the key-note of the book. But there is also to be a love interest.

An Important Omission.

In a sham fight which was held in connection with a volunteer camp lately, the invading force was led by an officer whose hand was better suited to the plow than to the sword. They were marching down a road, and on turning a sharp corner they came across the enemy lying but a short distance from them.

"Charge!" commanded the officer.

Away went his men at full speed, but when they had covered about half the distance to the enemy they heard their officer shout—

"Come back, come back, to where ye started from, and start over again. I've forgotten to order ye to fire bayonets."

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"Mr. W. B. Yates, the English poet, got off a good thing when he was at the Franklin Inn for lunch, the other day," said the literary man. "Of course, he's all for art for art's sake, but he told of a woman who once said to Marion Crawford, the novelist:

"'Have you ever written anything that will live after you have gone?'

"'Madam,' Crawford replied, 'what I am trying to do is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here!'"—Philadel. Press.

WEEK DAYS.

LEAVE NEWPORT—7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 2

A Skirt for Nothing.

They entered the street car, says the New York Herald, en route to the matinee with a switch of silk petticoats and happy in the possession of the latest creations in French military and the season's models in feather muffs and hats.

"What do you think of my skirt?" asked one of them, glancing down at all attire in fancy novelty of the latest cut which she wore.

"A dream," replied her companion, "I have been swimming it all along. You are certainly growing extravagant dear."

A look of satisfaction spread over the other woman's countenance. She lowered her voice impressively, but not enough to prevent the other passengers in that end of the car from hearing. "It didn't cost me a cent," she said.

"A present! You lucky mortal. I wish I had half a dozen sisters, cousins and aunts to give me lovely things once in a while!"

"Not a present either. Just the luckiest chance in the world," said the wearer of the skirt with increasing satisfaction in her voice. "You see I went out last Monday to buy a skirt. I wanted something rather smart for an afternoon—something like this, I fact; but I had been so liberal with my other clothes that I really didn't see how I could afford one. I spent the entire morning trying to pick up a bargain, and finally went to Jones and Smith's. I have an account there, you know. Well, I couldn't find a thing I would look at for less than twice what I was able to give, and as it was 1 o'clock, and I was cross and worried and worn out, I decided to go into their lunch room and treat myself to something dainty and refreshing, just to cheer me up."

"Well, my dear, it was too fortunate. It had looked like rain that morning, and I had put on that old green skirt—you remember, part of the suit I had made to order last autumn.

"Well, as luck would have it, it was a new waitress who took my order. She was awkward and nervous, and as she was placing my tea on the table she stumbled and spilled the whole thing, cup and all right into my lap."

"I didn't even want to eat the lunch. I went right down to the office and complained. The men were extremely polite when they found that I had an account there. Besides, they could see that skirt was of expensive material, and somehow—I'm sure I didn't say so—but somehow they seemed to be under the impression that it had been made last spring. Anyway, I told them that I considered it good for another season's wear—which was true, if only I hadn't been seen in it a whole season already—and that it belonged to a suit that cost me \$60, and that I thought they should at least make it good to me with another skirt. And it ended with my going back and getting this dream of a skirt for nothing. What do you think of that for luck?"

"But," protested the other woman, whose face had grown grave as she listened, "didn't the poor girl have to stand the cost of that skirt?"

"Oh—hm—well, now, I never thought of that. Perhaps she did have to pay something; but, of course, they would never have charged her *just* with the whole price of that skirt. And then, it was entirely her own awkwardness."

"Of course, if she spoiled your skirt," her friend began, thoughtfully.

"Oh, my dear, that was the best part of it," exclaimed the piece of self-dishonesty incarnate, with a jubilant laugh. "The other skirt wasn't spoiled at all. You see, it was only tea. And after it was sponge off and pressed one could never tell the difference."

Novel Winter Fishing.

Men and boys of the west end of town have been having a harvest during the past three or four days catching fish at Remond's and White's ponds, west of the town. During the past summer, on account of the light rainfall, the water in these two ponds was very low; and in fact, for the past three months there has been no outlet from either pond.

When the freezing water of the past ten days came ice soon formed, and, covering every hole, caused the fish to come beneath the ice in hopes of getting air. The boys who first tested the breaking qualities of the ice in hopes of being the first to skate were the ones to discover the predicament of the fish.

The news soon spread, and last Friday and Saturday 100 men and boys were busily engaged in securing fresh fish for the table. Hatchets and axes were used as the death dealing implements, and when a school of fish were sighted beneath the ice was struck a hard blow. The fish were stunned. A hole was then chopped through the ice and the fish secured. Several hundred pounds of fish were secured, the majority of them being carp.—Lugan (Ohio) Journal.

A Cereal Story.

The refreshing part of a story which the New York Times recounts is not the stupidity of man in his domestic aspect. The particular man concerned is an actor whose wife—an actress—is an earnest advocate of the theory that food should fit the consumer rather than the reverse. Consequently there are periods when milk flows incessantly through the household menu. Again it is hot water, and at other times nuts, fruits and grains alone are relied upon to nourish genius to its finest flower.

Once, in the grain age the wife was called away to a rehearsal that was likely to last well into the afternoon. She told her husband that he would have to get his own luncheon, and he cheerfully consented to it.

"I had a fine meal on your new cereal," he said, when she returned.

"What do you mean?" she inquired. "I haven't any new cereal in the house."

"Why, that nutty sort of stuff you left on the dining-room table."

The wife sat down suddenly. "You've eaten up my window garden!" she wailed. "All my petunias, nasturtiums and pansy seeds!"

"Did you notice Mr. Brown's new teeth?" asked Mrs. Sharpeye. "I never saw anything so ghastly. They look like grave stones."

"Yes," said Miss Shingle Cat, "I presume he had them placed in memory of his lost ones!"—N. Y. Press.

Elsie—There's a man at the door, pa, who says he wants to see the boss of the house."

Father—Tell your mother.

Mother (calling down-stairs)—Tell Bridget—Phila. Press.

"And every living thing was drowned except what went into the ark," explained the Sunday school teacher.

"Pishes, too?" queried a small pupil.

Sweet Sights of the Japs.

At the recent grand review of the Japanese Fleet, when the Mikado's launch went by, the civilians removed their top hats and the officers stood saluting in absolute silence. In the same profound silence His Majesty was received on board the Asama, lined along the sides with motionless men. There was something much more impressive about this than the most enthusiastic cheering would have been. It is considered more respectful by the Japs.

Only once was he greeted otherwise, which was considered quite an ovation. That was on the occasion of his entry after the victorious war with China, when the enthusiasm and loyalty of the people burst forth into an ovation such as few monarchs have ever received.

As he stepped on board the royal standard was floated from the mizzen-mast—a great crimson flag, with the chrysanthemum in gold. Precisely at 9:30 o'clock the Asama began to move in the direction of the fleet, and then all the assembled ships, including those of foreign nationalities, fired a royal salute simultaneously.

The Mayako and Choya took up their place behind the Asama, which slowly and deliberately steamed down between the lines. She passed between the Japanese Admiral's flagship at the head of the line and his Majesty's ship Glory, the flagship of the British Admiral, which, respectively, headed the lines of Japanese and foreign vessels. The Emperor was greeted with three British cheers as he passed, and, as the Japanese have taken the British navy as their model, each of the ships replied with three cheers to the words "Ho! Ho!" (honorable salute).

Including the foreign ships there were four lines. The tonnage of the Japanese amounted to 230,000 tons.

The Emperor passed down between the first and second and returned between the third and fourth lines. The Chen Yuen, captured from the Chinese, was at the end of the second line—a fine war trophy for that young fleet. Passing through these lines of grim death machines one was struck with the thought of the wonderful things these people had accomplished in thirty years.

What a respect might pass through the mind of that man on the bridge of the Asama! Marquis! He stood behind him, to which more than any other that fleet owed its existence. It was a proud day for him and for those who had labored with him in the great revolution or reformation.—*sydney Town and Country Journal.*

Care of the Finger Nails.

Nothing betrays the careless woman sooner than her nails, and nothing shows refinement better than the same possessiveness. Hands with beautiful nails always please, and those who desire good, firm, bright nails, gleaming and polished, at their finger tips, should see to it that the food they eat contains abundance of nail-making substances. Oatmeal is one of the best of those foods good for nail-making and hair forming in thirty years.

What are the political duties of women?

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be observed:—1. Name of the author must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all questions as to consistency with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering questions always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the name of the questioner. 6. Letters addressed to editors or to the Mercury, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Room,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1904.

QUERIES.

4504. COLLINS—Who were the ancestors of Samuel Collins, of Lynn, b. Feb. 24, 1711?—A. M. J.

4505. ELDRED—Caleb Eldred, b. Jamestown, R. I., June 21, 1739, was son of John and Mary (Wilson) Eldred. Did he marry, and who were his children?—J. L.

4506. GODFREY—SHERMAN—Mary Godfrey, of John and Sarah, married Isaac Sherman, of Portsmouth, R. I., Nov., 1769. Would like a list of their children?—J. L.

4507. TILLINGHAST—Sarah Coggeshall Tillinghast was born March 8, 1784. Who were her parents, and whom did she marry?—J. L.

4508. HULL—Sam'l Hull, Jr., md. Meribah Weeden, of Jamestown, R. I., Nov. 8, 1768. Who were her ancestors?—A. E. T.

4509. GODDARD—Henry Goddard, b. Aug. 20, 1746, was son of Daniel. Whom did he marry, and when, and where did he die?—A. E. T.

4510. CARR—HIX—Mary Carr, dau. of Robert, of Newport, R. I., md. John Hix and had four children. Who were they?—A. M. D.

4511. JOHNSTON—George Johnston and Bathsheba Lucas were married July 30, 1727. Their son Augustus md. Patience Gould, of Jamestown, in 1758, and had a son George, b. March 7, 1774. Did this son George die young?—A. M. D.

4512. HAWKINS—Who were the ancestors of Anne Hawkins, b. Aug. 14, 1719, d. June 18, 1812, md. April 14, 1742; Nathaniel Williams, of Cranston, R. I.—B. W.

4513. BROWN—Would like to know the ancestry of Jabez Brown, of Providence, R. I., who married Oct. 5, 1780, Meribah Williams, a descendant of Roger. Does he belong to the Chad Brown family? What were the dates of his birth and death?—B. W.

4514. ROWE—Does Elizabeth Rowe, b. 1744, d. 1811, md. Samuel Perry, of Natick, Mass., belong to the Rowes of Rowley, Mass.?—A. J. P.

4515. ARNOLD—Would like to obtain the date of birth of Abigail Arnold, dau. of Eleazer, who married John Mann, of Smithfield, R. I., June 29, 1720.—S. L. W.

4516. RICHARDSON—What was the ancestry of Joseph Richardson, of Gloucester, R. I., born —, d. Sept. 29, 1761, md. June 11, 1747?—S. J. W.

4517. BASSETT—Who was the wife of Joseph Bassett, of Gloucester, R. I., whose dau. Amey, md. July 14, 1763, Jethro Lapham?—S. L. W.

4518. LANKSFORD—Wm. Lanksford, b. —, d. May 19, 1755, at Providence, R. I., md. Martha —, who d. Dec. —, 1797. Wanted, their ancestry.—F. W. M.

ANSWERS.

4500. JOUVENT—The following has been sent to us by "Westfield," who asks us to reprint it from the Boston Transcript, as it applies equally well to the Jouvent query in the Mercury.—E. M. T.

To those asking for names of officers and men who came with the Marquis de Lafayette to America, during the Revolution, and to others wanting the same, I would like to have them appear as I found them in book of Charlemagne Tower, with the title "La Fayette in the American Revolution." On page 34 find, "List of Officers of Infantry and Light Troops destined to serve in armies of the States General of North America," thus:

Name of Officer, and Rank, of the Regt. M. de La Fayette—Major General, Dec. 7, 1773. Baron de Kuhl—Major General Nov. 5, 1773. Delessier—Colonel Dec. 7, 1773. De Valfort—Colonel Dec. 7, 1773. De Payrol—Lieutenant Colonel Nov. 29, 1776. De Pommereh—Lieutenant Colonel Dec. 1, 1776. De Montigny—Major Nov. 5, 1773. De Gimat—Major Dec. 1, 1776. De Virey—Captain Dec. 1, 1776. De Bedaux—No rank given No date given Captain—Captain Dec. 1, 1776. De La Colombe—Lieutenant Dec. 1, 1776. Captain—Lieutenant Nov. 5, 1773.

The mentioned ranks and pay, which the most honorable Congress shall affix to them, to commence at the periods marked in the present list, have been agreed to by us the undersigned, Silas Deane, in quality of Deputy of the American States General, on the one part, the Marquis de La Fayette and the Baron de Kuhl on the other part.

Signed double, at Paris, this 7th of December, 1776.

De Kuhl,
The Marquis de La Fayette,
Silas Deane.

Silas Deane was agent for the United States of America, who made a special agreement with Lafayette, because he so desired to serve among the troops of the United States of North America, and because his family would not allow him to serve in a foreign country till he could go as a general officer, hence Deane granted him the rank of major general, in the name of the very honorable Congress, "whom I [Deane] serve, which I [Deane] beg the States to confirm, and allow him [Lafayette] to return to his family, when they or his King recall him, he [Lafayette] to serve without pension or particular al-

lance. Done at Paris, Dec. 7, 1776."

Lafayette, being a captain in Regi-

B. H. Gladding Dry Goods Co.

New Dress Fabrics

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be observed:—1. Name of the author must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all questions as to consistency with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering questions always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the name of the questioner. 6. Letters addressed to editors or to the Mercury, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

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Housekeeping Linens

Special display of Austrian Table Linen at a great reduction. The make is well known reliable, launders beautifully and wears well.

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CLOTHS, 2X3.

REGULAR PRICES

SPECIAL PRICES

5-8 NAPKINS, REGULAR

SPECIAL

3-4 NAPKINS, REGULAR

SPECIAL

12" NAPKINS, REGULAR

SPECIAL

16" NAPKINS, REGULAR

SPECIAL

20" NAPKINS, REGULAR

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24" NAPKINS, REGULAR

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28" NAPKINS, REGULAR

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